

# THE MINERVA.

"Get Wisdom, and with all thy getting, get Understanding"—Proverbs of Solomon.

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Vol. I.

## POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

### CLAUDINE.

A SWISS TALE.

(From the French of De Florian for the MINERVA.)

Claudine was the daughter of old Simon, a labourer at Prieure, the principal village of the valley of Chamouny. He was also Syndic of the parish, and all the country respected him for his probity; but his character was naturally severe; he pardoned nothing to himself, and very little to others: he was equally esteemed and feared. If any of the neighbours had quarreled with his wife, or drank a glass too much on a holy-day, he would not have dared to speak to Simon the whole week. When he passed, even the children stopped their noise; they took off their hats, and never returned to their amusements till Simon was at a distance.

Simon had remained a widower since the death of Madeline his wife, who had left him two daughters. Nanette, the eldest, was well enough; but Claudine, the youngest, was an angel of beauty. Her handsome round countenance—her black eyes full of animation—her thick eye-brows—her little mouth, the very picture of the cherry—her appearance of innocence and gaiety, made all the young men of the village her admirers; and when on a Sunday she joined the dance, with a vest of blue cloth closely fitted to her fine shape, her straw hat ornamented with ribbons, and her little cap, which could hardly contain her beautiful hair, it was who should have the honor to dance with Claudine.

Claudine was only fourteen; her sister Nanette was nineteen, and commonly remained at home to look after the affairs of the family. Claudine, as being the youngest, took care of the flock which grazed on Montanverd. She carried with her her dinner and her distaff, and passed the day in singing, in spinning, or chatting with the other shepherdesses. In the evening she came home to Simon, who read some portion of the Bible to his daughters, gave them his blessing, and then all the family went to bed.

About that time strangers began to visit the Glaciers. A young Englishman of the name of Belton, the son of a rich merchant of London, in passing through Geneva to go to Italy, had the curiosity to make the tour of Chamouny. He stopped at Madame de Courteran's, the well known name of the mistress of the most ancient Inn at Chamouny; and the next day, at four o'clock in the morning, he ascended Montanverd to see the frozen sea, conducted by Michael the deacon of the guides. He returned about eleven, and rested himself by the side of this fountain, when Claudine, who tended her sheep just by, seeing him very much heated, came to offer her fruit and milk she had for her dinner. The Englishman thanked her, looked at her very attentively, and offered her five or six guineas, which Claudine refused; but poor Claudine did not refuse to take Mr. Belton to see her flock, which she had left among the lofty trees. He desired the guide to wait for him, and departed with Claudine. He was absent for two long hours. As to the

sequel of their conversation, it cannot be repeated, as nobody heard it. It is sufficient to know, that Belton set out the same evening, and that Claudine, on her return home to her father, appeared pensive and melancholy, and had on her finger a beautiful emerald, which the Englishman had given her. Her sister asked her where she got that ring: Claudine answered that she had found it. Simon, with a discontented air, took the ring and carried it to Madame de Courteran, in order to discover the person who had lost it. No Traveller ever claimed it. Belton was already far off, and Claudine, to whom the emerald was returned, became every day more melancholy.

Five or six months thus passed away. Claudine, who every evening returned with reddened eyes, at length resolved to confide in her sister Nanette. She confessed that the day she met Belton on Montanverd, he had told her that he was in love with her—that he meant to settle at Chamouny never more to leave it, and to marry her. "I believed it," added Claudine, "for he swore it to me more than a hundred times. He said, that business obliged him to return to Geneva; but that in a fortnight he would again be here; that he would buy a house, and that our marriage should take place immediately. He sat down beside me, embraced me, called me his wife, and gave me this beautiful ring as the token of our marriage. I dare not tell you any more, my sister, but I have many fears; I am very ill; I weep all day; in vain do I fix my eyes on the road to Geneva, there is no appearance of Belton!"

Nanette, who was just married, pressed poor Claudine with questions. At length, after many tears, she learned that the Englishman had basely betrayed this simple and unhappy girl, and that Claudine was with child.

What was to be done? How was it possible to announce this misfortune to the terrible M. Simon? To conceal it from him was impossible. The good Nanette did not augment the despair of her sister by useless reproaches; she even endeavoured to console her, by expressing hopes of a pardon, which she knew would be obtained. After long consideration, and with her consent, went to her father, and confided to him the secret. He begged of him to mention nothing to her—she endeavoured to appease him, and try to save the honour of the family. The unhappy victim, however, under the influence of the Curate, was much hurt. He, however, undertook to take her to the house of Simon, and she was sure Claudine would be upon Montanverd.

Simon was as usual reading the Old Testament. The Curate sat down by him, and began to talk of the beautiful stories which are contained in that book; he dwelt particularly on that of Joseph when he pardons his brethren—on that of the great king David when he pardons his son Absalom, and many others. In this way he endeavoured to prepare the old man for the reception of his bad news. He was long of comprehending him—at last he did, and starting up, pale, and trembling with rage, he seized the musket with which he used to hunt the chamois, and was rushing forth to kill his daughter. The Curate threw himself upon him, and disarmed him; and by rousing his attention to the duties of

a Christian; by lamenting his misfortunes, and sharing in his grief, he at length prevailed so far, that old Simon whose eyes had been hitherto dry, his lips pale, and his whole frame convulsed, sunk back into his chair, covered his face with his two hands, and burst into tears. The Curate allowed him to weep for some time without saying a word. At length he wished to consult with him relative to the measures it was necessary to take, in order to save the honour of Claudine; but Simon interrupted him. "Master Curate," said he, "it is impossible to save that which is lost; every means that we could take would render us more culpable, by obliging us to tell lies. The unhappy wretch must no longer remain here; she would be the scandal of us all, and the punishment of her father; let her be gone, Master Curate; let her live, since infamy can live, but let me die far distant from her: let her depart this very day; she must leave this country, and never let her again present herself before my grey hairs, which she has dishonoured."

The Curate tried to soften Simon, but his efforts were in vain. Simon repeated the positive order for the departure of Claudine. The good old Curate was going away in sadness, when the old man ran after him, brought him back to his apartment, and shut the door; then putting into his hands an old purse of leather, containing fifty crowns, "Master Curate," said he, "this wretch will be in want of everything. Give her these fifty crowns, not as from me; beware of that; but as a charity from yourself. Tell her, that it is the goods of the poor, which compassion induces you to bestow on vice;—and if you could write to any one in her favour, or give her a letter of recommendation—I know your goodness, and I neither wish to hear or to speak any more about her."

The Curate answered him by a squeeze of the hand, then ran to meet Nanette, who was waiting for him in the street, more dead than alive. "Go instantly," said he, "and pack up all your sister's clothes, and bring them to my house." She obeyed with tears in her eyes, being but too sure of what had happened, and put into Claudine's bundle the little money she was mistress of. She then returned to the Curate, who related to her the conversation he had with Simon, and gave her a long letter for the Curate of Salanches, and said to her, "My dear child, you must this very day conduct your sister to Salanches; give her this purse, and this letter to my good brother. Accompany her to the village, and then return to your father, who has occasion for your wisdom and virtue to lessen the chagrin produced by the conduct of your sister." Nanette, sighing, went in quest of her sister on Montanverd. She found Claudine stretched weeping on the ground; but when she heard that her departure must be immediate, she screamed, and tore her hair, repeating continually, "I am banished with my father's curse!—Kill me, my sister, kill me! or I will throw myself over this precipice." Gradually she became more calm, by promising that things might still be made up. At length Claudine resolved to set out, and at night-fall they took the road to Salanches, avoiding the village, where, notwithstanding the darkness, poor Claudine would have thought that every one saw her crime painted in her face. It was

a melancholy journey; nor did they arrive till break of day. Nanette took her leave of Claudine before they entered the village, and, after pressing her a long time to her bosom, left her, being nearly as miserable as her unhappy sister.

As soon as Claudine found herself alone, all her courage deserted her: she hid herself in the mountain, and passed the whole day without taking any nourishment; but when the night drew on, her fears forced her towards the village, where she enquired for the house of the Curate, and knocked softly at the door, which was opened by an old house-keeper.

Claudine said she came from M. the Curate of Prieure. The housekeeper led her directly to her master, who was then alone, eating his supper by the corner of his fire. Without uttering a word, or lifting her eyes, Claudine, with a trembling hand, delivered the letter, and, whilst the Curate drew near the light in order to read it, the poor girl covered her face with her hands, and dropped on her knees near the door. The Curate of Salanches was a good and worthy man, and respected as a parent by his whole parish. When he had finished the letter, and turning his head saw this young girl on her knees, and bathed with tears, he also wept. He raised her, praised the sincerity of her repentance, gave her hopes of pardon for a fault that had cost her so many tears, and obliged her to eat in spite of her refusal, and calling his goodness, desired her to prepare a bed for Claudine.

Surprised to find any one who did not despise her, Claudine kissed his hands, without saying a word. He spoke to her in the most friendly manner, and inquired after his good brother the Curate: he dwelt with pleasure on the good deeds of that worthy man, and observed, that one of the most pleasing duties of their ministry was to console the unhappy, and heal the broken-hearted. Claudine listened with respectful gratitude; he appeared to her as an angel sent from heaven to comfort her. After supper she retired to bed in a calmer state of mind, and, if she did not sleep, she at least rested.

On the morrow, the good Curate searched through Salanches for a little chamber where Claudine might lie-in.—An old woman, called Madame Felix, offered an apartment, and promised secrecy. Claudine repaired thither in the evening; the Curate paid three months rent in advance; the old Lady passed her for a niece lately married at Chambéry, and every thing was settled. Indeed it was high time; for the fatiguing journey, and the agitation of mind that Claudine had sustained, brought on her labour-pains that very evening: although only seven months gone with child, she produced a boy beautiful as the day, whom Madame Felix caused to be baptised by the name of Benjamin.

The Curate was desirous of immediately putting the child out to nurse, but Claudine declared with tears in her eyes, that she would rather die than be separated from Benjamin: she was allowed to keep him for the first few days, and at the end of these days her maternal fondness had increased. The Curate reasoned with her; represented to her, that such conduct deprived her of all hopes of ever returning to Chamouny, or of being reconciled to her father: Claudine's only



answer was to embrace Benjamin. The time slept on, Claudine nursed her child, and remained with Madame Felix, who loved her with all her heart.

The fifty crowns from her father, and the little money Nanette had put into her bundle, had hitherto paid her expenses. Nanette did not dare to come to see her, but she sent her all she could spare, and thus Claudine wanted for nothing. She employed her time in learning to read and write of the old lady, who had formerly kept a school at Bonville, and in taking care of Benjamin. Claudine was not unhappy, and little Benjamin grew charming. But such happiness could not last. One morning the Curate of Salanches came to pay her a visit.

"My dear girl," said he, "when I received you under my protection; when I covered your fault with the mantle of charity, my design was, to take care of your child, to enable him to gain his bread; and I hoped, during that interval, to have appeased the anger of your father; to have prevailed with him to receive you once more into his house, where your repentance, your modesty, your love of virtue, and of labour, might gradually have induced him to forget the distresses of which you have been the source. But this plan you have yourself opposed. With what eyes could Simon look upon this child; he must necessarily remain a lasting monument of your misconduct and disgrace. I can discern by your eyes that your choice is made; but you ought to consider, that you cannot always remain with this good woman, whose circumstances, however desirous she might be of befriending you, render it impossible. The money that Nanette sends you, is taken from the support of herself and her family. Nanette labours the ground while you caress Benjamin, and Nanette has been guilty of no fault. You have but one resource, which is, to go into service either at Geneva or Chambéry; but I doubt whether, without separating from your child, you would easily find a place. I allow you two days to reflect coolly on these matters. You will then inform me of your determination, and depend on it, I will do every thing in my power to assist you. Claudine was sensible of the truth of all the Curate had said, but she found it impossible for her to live without Benjamin. After spending a day and a night in reflecting on what she ought to do, she at last resolved, and, after writing a letter to the Curate, acknowledging all his kindness, which she left on her table, she made a bundle of her clothes, tied up twenty crowns which still remained in a handkerchief, and, taking Benjamin in her arms, she departed from Salanches.

She took the road to Geneva, and slept at night at Bonville; for, on account of little Benjamin, she could not travel far. The second day she arrived at Geneva. Her first care was to sell all her female attire, and provide herself with a suit of man's cloaths; she even sold her fine black hair, and bought a knapsack, into which she put her cloaths. She fastened the ring, which she had always hitherto worn on her finger, round her neck. Thus clad like a young Savoyard, with a stout stick in her hand, her knapsack on her back, a-top of which Benjamin was seated, clasping his hands round her neck she set out from Geneva on the road to Turin.

She was twelve days in crossing the mountains, and people were so much pleased with the air and appearance of this handsome little Savoyard, and of the child whom she carried on her back, and called her little brother, that she was hardly allowed to pay any thing, but commonly discharged her reckoning by amusing the company with some of the little beautiful songs peculiar to her country; so that when Claudine arrived at Turin, she had still some of her money left, with which she hired a little garret, bought a brush and blacking, and, followed by little Benjamin, who never left her, she set up

a little stall for blacking shoes, in the Palais Royal, under the name of Claude.

During the first days she gained but little, because she was awkward, and took a good deal of time to gain a penny; but she soon became expert, and the work went on well. Claude, intelligent, active, alert, ran all the errands of the quarter. Benjamin, during her absence, sat upon and guarded the stool. If there was a letter to be carried, a box to be removed, or bottles to be conveyed to the cellar, Claude was called in preference to any other. She was the confidant and assistant of all lazy servants in the neighbourhood, and in the evening often carried home a crown as the gains of the day. This was fully sufficient to support her and Benjamin, who every day increased in stature and in beauty, and became the favourite of all the neighbourhood.

This happy life had lasted for more than two years, when one day Claudine and her son being busy arranging their little stall with their heads bent towards the ground, they saw a foot appear upon the stool. Claudine took her brush, and without looking at the master of the shoe, immediately began her operation. When the most difficult part was done, she raised her head. The brush fell from her hands, she remained immovable: it was Belton whom she beheld. Little Benjamin, who was not at all affected, took up the brush, and with a feeble hand attempted to finish the work of Claudine, who still remained motionless, with her eyes fixed on Belton. He asked Claudine, with some surprise, why she stopped, and smiled at the efforts of the child, whose figure pleased him. Claudine, recovering her spirits, excused herself to Belton with so sweet a voice, and such well-chosen words, that the Englishman, still more surprised, asked Claudine several questions about her country and her situation. Claudine answered, with a calm air, that she and her brother were two orphans who gained their bread by the employment which he saw, and that they were from the Valley of Chamouny. This name struck Belton, and looking attentively at Claudine, he thought he recognized her features, and inquired her name. "I am called Claude," said she. "And you are from Chamouny?" "Yes, Sir, from the village of Priecure." "Have you no other brother?" "No, Sir, only Benjamin." "Nor any sister?" "Pardon me, Sir." "What is her name?" "Claudine." "Claudine! and where is she?" "Oh, I do not know, indeed, Sir." "How can you be ignorant of that?" "For many reasons, Sir, which cannot interest you, and which it would make me weep to tell." Claudine, with the tears starting in her eyes, told him she had done. Belton, who did not go away, put his hand into his pocket, and gave her a guinea. "I cannot change you," said Claudine. "Keep the whole," said the Englishman, "and tell me, would you be sorry to quit your present employment, and accept of a good place?" "That cannot be, Sir." "Why not?" "Because nothing in the world would make me quit my brother." "But suppose he were to accompany you?" "That would be another matter." "Well, Claude, you shall be with me; I will take you into my service, you will be very happy in my house, and your brother shall accompany you." "Sir," answered Claudine, a little embarrassed, "favour me with your address, and I will call upon you to-morrow."—Belton gave it her, and bade her not fail to come.

It was well for Claudine that the conversation now terminated, for her tears almost suffocated her; she hastened to her chamber, and there shut herself up to reflect on what she ought to do. Her inclination and her affection for Benjamin prompted her to enter into the service of Belton; but his past treachery, and the promise she had made to the Curate of Salanches, never to do any thing which might endanger her virtue, made her hesitate; but the welfare of Benjamin pre-

ponderated; she resolved to go to Belton, to serve him faithfully to make him cherish his son, but never to tell him who she was.

This point being settled, the next morning she waited on Belton, who agreed to give her good wages, and ordered her and her brother cloaths immediately. Belton now wished to renew the conversation of yesterday, and to inquire further concerning her sister. But Claudine interrupted him. "Sir," said she, "my sister is no more; she is dead of misery, chagrin, and repentance. All our family have lamented her unhappy end; and those who are not our relations have no right to renew such melancholy reflections." Belton, more than ever astonished at the spirit of Claude, desisted from further inquiry; but he conceived a high esteem and a sincere friendship for this extraordinary young man.

Claude soon became the favourite of his master; and Benjamin, towards whom Belton found himself attached by an irresistible impulse, was for ever in his chamber. The amiable child, as if conscious that he owed his existence to Belton, loved him nearly as well as Claudine; and he told him so with such sweet innocence and simplicity, that the Englishman could not do without Benjamin. Claudine wept for joy, but she concealed her tears. But the dissipation of Belton afflicted the heart of Claudine, and made her fear that the hour of discovery would never arrive.

By the death of his parents, Mr. Belton had, at the age of nineteen been left master of a large fortune, which he had hitherto employed in wandering over Italy, stopping wherever he found it agreeable to him, that is, wherever he met with agreeable women whom he could deceive and ruin. A lady of the court of Turin, rather advanced in life, but still beautiful, was his present mistress: she was lively, passionate, and very jealous of Belton. She required that he should sup with her every evening, and write to her every morning. The Englishman did not dare to refuse. Notwithstanding all this they had many quarrels: for the smallest cause she would weep, tear her hair, seize a knife, and play a thousand fooleries, which began to tire Belton. Claude saw and felt all this, but she suffered in silence. Belton gave her every day fresh marks of confidence, and often complained to her of the unpleasant life he led. Claude now and then risked a little advice, half joke and half serious, which Belton heard with approbation, and promised to follow to-morrow; but when to-morrow came, Belton returned to the lady more from habit than inclination, and Claude, who wept in private, affected to smile, while she accompanied her master.

At length there arose so violent a quarrel between the Englishman and his mistress, that he resolved to leave her; and in order to connect himself with some one in the same place, he sought for a new subject of affection. He had done was to begin, and he designed herself to it with a new passion, and continued to serve her master with the same fidelity as ever. But the marquise was not of a disposition so easily to yield up the heart of her English lover. She had him watched, and soon discovered her rival; she exhausted every stratagem of intrigue to make him return; but in vain. The Englishman did not answer her letters, refused her appointments, and ridiculed her threats. The marquise, now in despair, thought only of revenge.

One day when Belton, followed by Claudine, was as usual coming out of the house of his new mistress about 2 o'clock in the morning, and, already displeased with her, was telling his faithful Claudine that he had thoughts of setting out immediately for London, suddenly four desperadoes fell upon him with poniards; he had hardly time to throw himself against

the wall with his sword in his hand. Claudine, on sight of the assassins, sprang before her master, and received in her bosom the stroke of a poniard aimed at Belton: she instantly fell. The Englishman set furiously on the man who had wounded her, and soon stretched him on the pavement; and the three others, finding themselves thus attacked, quickly fled. Belton did not pursue them; he returned to his domestic, raised him, embraced him, and called on him with tears; but Claudine did not answer, for she had fainted. Belton took her in his arms, carried her to his house, and laid her in his own bed, while others at his desire ran for a surgeon. Belton, impatient to see the nature of the wound, unbuttoned Claudine's vest, drew aside the shirt covered with blood, looked, and beheld with astonishment the bosom of a woman.

During this the surgeon arrives, and examines the wound, which he declares not to be mortal, as the weapon had struck against the bone. The wound is dressed and stimulatives applied, but still Claudine does not recover. Belton, who supported her head, perceives a ribbon round her neck; he pulls it, and discovers a ring. It is his own; the same that he had left on Montanver to the beautiful shepherdess whom he so cruelly abandoned. Every thing is at once evident. He sends for a nurse, who undresses Claudine, and lays her in her own bed; and the poor girl, at length recovering her senses, throws her eyes around, and sees with astonishment the nurse, the surgeon, her master, and Benjamin, who, awaked by all this noise, had risen, and run half naked to his supposed brother, whom he embraced with tears.

Claudine immediately endeavoured to console Benjamin; then calling to mind what had happened, seeing herself in a bed, and reflecting with inquietude that she had been undressed, she quickly put her hand to the ribbon which held her ring. Belton, who watched her, saw in her looks the pleasure with which she found it was still there. He then made every body leave the room, knelt down by the side of the bed, and taking the hand of Claudine,—"Do not be alarmed," said he, "my sweet friend: I know every thing, and it is for the happiness of us both. You are Claudine, and I am a monster. There is but one way that I can cease to be so, and that depends upon you. I owe you my life, and I wish to owe my honour to you, for it is I who have lost it, not you. Your wound is not dangerous; and as soon as you can go out, you shall bestow on me the name of Husband, and pardon me a crime which I am far from pardoning myself. I have long strayed from the paths of virtue, Claudine; but they will be more agreeable when I am restored to them by you." Imagine the surprise, the joy, the transports of Claudine. She would have spoke, but her tears prevented her. She then perceived little Benjamin who had been turned out with the rest, and who, anxious about his brother, had softly opened the door and thrust in his pretty face to see what was going forwards. Claudine shewed him to Belton, saying, "There is your son, he will answer you better than I can." He flew; Benjamin covered him with kisses, and, carrying him to his mother, he passed the remainder of the night between his wife and his child with a satisfaction of mind to which he had long been a stranger.

In fifteen days Claudine was well. She had informed Belton of all that had happened to her. This endeared her to the Englishman, who was now fonder of her than the first time he saw her. Claudine, dressed as a woman, but with great plainness, entered the coach of the Englishman with Benjamin, and all three went strait to Salanches to the house of the Curate. The good man did not at first know Claudine; but at length recollecting her he ran to old madam Felix, who was still alive, and who almost died of joy when she beheld Claudine



and Benjamin. The next day they set out for Chamouny, where Belton, who was a Catholic, wished that the marriage might be publicly solemnized in the parish-church of Priétre.

In the evening the Curate of Salanches was sent to demand the hand of his daughter of the terrible M. Simon. The old man received him with great gravity, heard him without testifying any joy, and gave his consent in very few words. Claudine came to throw herself at his feet; he allowed her to remain a few seconds, raised her without a smile, and saluted Belton with great coolness. The good Nanette laughed and cried at the same time. On the road to church, she took Benjamin in one hand, and held her sister with the other. The two Curates walked before, and old Madam Felix behind with M. Simon. All the children of the village followed, chaunting songs.

In this order they reached the Church, where the ceremony was performed by the Curate of Salanches. Belton had tables covered on the banks of the Arva, where every one was welcome, and the whole villagers danced and feasted during eight days. He purchased some good estates for old Simon, but he refused to accept of them. Nanette was not so insensible to her interest: she accepted an estate and a handsome house, and considered herself the richest and the happiest woman in the parish. In about a month after, Belton and his wife proceeded to London, where in a few years Benjamin could count several real brothers and sisters.

### THE GLEANER.

"So we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,  
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;  
And take upon us the mystery of things,  
As if we were God's Spies!"—SHAKESPEARE.

**Slander.**—Against slander there is no defence.—Hell cannot boast a fouler fiend; nor man deplore so foul a foe. It stabs with a sword, with a shrug, with a look, with a smile: it is a pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide which the most wary traveller cannot avoid: it is the heart-searching dagger of the dark assassin: it is the poisoned arrow whose wound is incurable: it is the mortal sting of the deadly adder. Murder is its employment, innocence its prey, and ruin its sport.

**The Rivals.**—The Senior Wrangler, of a certain year, piping hot from the Senate House at Cambridge, England, went to the play at Drury-lane; it so happened, that a certain great personage entered at the same moment, on the other side of the house, but unobserved by the mathematician. The whole house testified their respect, by a general rising and clapping of hands. Our astonished academic instantly exclaimed, to the no small amusement of his London friends, "Well, well, this is more than I expected: how is it possible that these good people should so soon have discovered that I am the Senior Wrangler?"

**Coronations.**—At the coronation of King William and Queen Mary, the Champion of England, dressed in armour of complete and glittering steel, his horse richly caparisoned, and himself and beaver finely capped with plumes of feathers, entered Westminster Hall while the King and Queen were at dinner; and at giving the usual challenge to any one that disputed their Majesties' right to the crown of England (when he has the honour to drink the Sovereign's health out of a golden cup, always his fee,) after he had slung down the gauntlet on the pavement, an old woman who entered the Hall on crutches (which she left be-

hind her) took it up, and made off with great celerity, leaving her own glove with a challenge in it, to meet her the next day at an appointed hour, in Hyde-park. This occasioned some mirth at the lower end of the Hall; and it was remarkable, that every one was too well engaged to pursue her. A person in the same dress appeared next day at the place appointed, though it was generally supposed to be a good swordsman in that disguise. However, the Champion of England politely declined any contest of that nature with the fair sex, and never made his appearance.

**Great Sporting Exploits.**—In the year 1758, the Emperor Francis I. had a great shooting party on the estates of Prince Colleredo, in Bohemia, which lasted 18 days. The party consisted of three Princesses and 20 Noblemen, besides the Emperor and Prince. They killed, after firing 116,200 shots, 1710 stags, 3246 fawns and deer, 932 foxes, 13,243 hares, 29,595 partridges, 9409 pheasants, 746 larks, 1353 quails, 1067 woodcocks, 513 wild turkeys, 177 wild fowls, &c. &c.

At a hunting match given by Prince Esterhazy, the Regent of Hungary, on signing the treaty of peace with France, in a single day's sport there were killed 160 deer, 100 wild boars, 300 hares and 80 foxes.

The King of Naples, in a sporting journey to Vienna, in 1793, through Austria, Bohemia, &c. killed 5 bears, 1820 boars, 1960 deer, 114 does, 1625 roebucks, 1112 rabbits, 13 wolves, 17 badgers, 16354 hares, and 354 foxes. His Majesty had also the pleasure of doing a little in the bird way, by killing on the same expedition 16,350 pheasants and 12,336 partridges.

Lord Kingston made a considerable bet that he would shoot 40 brace of partridges on the 1st of September, on his manor at Heydon. His Lordship shot 41 brace before sunset.

The Duke of Rutland, in one day, in October, 1815, when shooting in Cheveley Park, killed in the course of five hours: 41 partridges, 19 pheasants, 43 hares, and 22 rabbits.

**The leg in Danger.**—Foote was paying a visit in the country at Christmas, at a house where they kept very bad fires. On the third morning, he appeared ready booted to decamp; when his friend asked why he was in a hurry? "Oh!" replied the wooden-legged wag, "if I stay here much longer, I shan't have a leg to stand upon."—"Why, we don't drink hard!"—"No," said Foote, "but there's so little wood in your house, I am afraid some of these mornings the servants will light the fire with my right leg."

**The Retort.**—The Marquis del Carpio, Grandee of Spain, giving the holy water to study, who presented him, according to the custom of the Marquis, "her right hand," ornamented with a fine diamond, said, loud enough to be heard, "¿Quisiera mas la sortija que la mano?"—"The lady, taking him instantly by the golden collar of his order, said, "Ego el capestro que el asno," i. e. And I the halter rather than the ass!

**Singular Will.**—The following very remarkable and facetious Will was made by a Mr. Daniel Martinett, of Calcutta who, besides leaving various laughable Legacies to many of the principal Gentlemen of the Settlement, left all his Debts to be paid by H. Vansittart, Esq. then the Governor of Bengal, who with great good nature and humanity very faithfully complied with the Will of the deceased:—

The last Will and Testament of Mr. Daniel Martinett, of Calcutta, in the East Indies.

In the name of God, Amen.

I, Daniel Martinett, of the Town of Calcutta, being in perfect mind and memory, though weak in body, make this my last Will and Testament in manner following, appointing my truly beloved friend, Mr. Edward Gulston, in the service of the Honourable United East India Company, of the aforesaid town, to be my Executor, revoking all my former Wills. To avoid Latin phrases, as it is a tongue I am not well versed in, I shall speak in plain English:—

First.—I recommend my Soul to Almighty God, hoping for pardon for all my past iniquities.

Secondly.—As to worldly concerns, in the manner following: As to this fulsome carcass, having seen enough of worldly pomp, I desire nothing relative to it be done, only its being stowed away in my old Green Chest, to avoid expence: for as I lived profusely, I die frugally.

Thirdly.—The Undertaker's Fees come to nothing, as I won them from him at a game of billiards, in the presence of Mr. Thomas Morice and William Parke, at the said William Parke's house, in February last. I furthermore request, not only as it is customary, but as I sincerely believe the prayers of the good available and are truly consistent with decency, that the Rev. Mr. H. Butler read the prayers which are customary at Burials, and also preach a Funeral Sermon the Sunday next after my decease, taking his text from Solomon—"All is vanity." In consideration of which, over and above his fees, I bestow on him all my hypocrisy, which he wants as a modern good man; but as my finances are low, and I cannot conveniently discharge his fees, I hope he will please to accept the will for the deed.

Fourthly.—To Governor Henry Vansittart, Esq. as an opulent man, I leave this discharge of all such sum or sums of Money (the whole not exceeding 300 Rupees) that I shall stand indebted to indigent persons in the town of Calcutta.

Fifthly.—To Mr. George Gray, Secretary to the Presidency, I bequeath all my Sincerity.

Sixthly.—To Mr. Simon Droze, all my Modesty.

Seventhly.—To Mr. Henry Higginson, all the Thoughts I hope I shall die possessed of.

Eighthly.—To Mr. Thomas Forbes, all the Assurance which I had when I had taken a cheerful glass, though in fact a doleful cup.

Ninthly.—My Wearing Apparel, Furniture, Books, and every thing else I die possessed of, I bequeath to them who stand most in need of them, leaving it to the discretion of my Executor, Mr. Edward Gulston (excepting the things after-mentioned.) Unto Capt. Edward Menzies, of the ship *Hibernia*, I give my Sea Quadrant; invented by Hadley, and made by Howell, in the Strand; likewise my two-foot Gunter's Scales; these I give him, because I believe he knows the use of them better than any Commander out of this port.

My Silver Watch and Buckles, I give to Mr. Edward Gulston, in lieu of his sincere friendship to me during our acquaintance; and these I hope he will not part with, unless his necessities require it, which, I sincerely hope, will never be the case. Also to Mr. Thomas Forbes, I give my gold ring with a blue stone therein, which he may exchange for a mourning one if he pleases.

I give my Bible and Prayer-book, to the Rev. Mr. Henry Butler. My Sword with a cut and thrust blade, I give to Captain Knox; as I verily believe he not only knows how, but has courage to use it, and I hope only in a good cause.

As I have lived the make game of a modern Gentleman, being a butt for envy, and a mark for malice by acting a little out of the common road, though

thank God, never in a base way, I hope I may die with sincere love and charity to all men, forgiving all my persecutors, as I hope for forgiveness from my Creator.

As it lies not in my power to bequeath any thing to my relations at home, I shall say nothing concerning them, as they have not for these six years past concerned themselves about me; excepting that I heartily wish them all well, and that my brothers and sisters may make a more prosperous voyage through this life than I have done.

(Signed) DANIEL MARTINETT.

**Anecdote.**—The late Mr. Owen, Presbyterian minister of Rochdale, met in the public room of an inn a party, among which was a lady greatly deformed. Her shoulders rose to her ears, her breast touched her chin, and she had a large hump on her back. Mr. Owen had benevolence enough to feel, that physical defects were not a legitimate subject of raillery or sarcasm; and nothing could have tempted him to have applied these sharp weapons to the object just described had she not provoked him by her own impertinence. Though they did not recognize each other as acquaintances, Mr. Owen and the little lady were not unacquainted. During breakfast, Presbyterian ministers became, either by accident or design, the topic of conversation. "I can't endure a Presbyterian parson," said the little lady; "I would not marry a Presbyterian parson for the world—I would rather marry a tinker than a Presbyterian parson."—"Why, Madam," said Mr. Owen, "to tell you the truth, I think you have made a most suitable choice. You have carried the budget for some time, and you have brass enough in your face to establish your husband in the trade whenever you choose."

**Coutts the Banker.**—Some years ago Mr. Coutts was at Bristol Hot wells, and occasionally walked about in attire which conveyed no sort of notion of his wealth or consequence. On an occasion of this kind, a Gentleman, who observed him, took it into his head that he was some venerable person, who was afflicted at once by a decay both of purse and constitution, and felt desirous of relieving him, but knew not how. At length, perceiving that Mr. Coutts was in the habit of walking with his hands behind him, he took an opportunity to slip a guinea into one of them, and stole away, not without being perceived by the astonished banker. The consequence was an enquiry, and a formal invitation to dine with Mr. Coutts, by which the charitable donor felt himself highly honoured and gratified. He of course attended, but did not recognise the object of his charity, until Mr. Coutts formally drank his health, and told him he was indebted to him a guinea. The confusion of the gentleman was extreme; but Mr. Coutts said he was fully aware of his generous motive, and assured him that if ever he could do him a service in return, Thomas Coutts might be commanded. The pledge was afterwards redeemed, by using his influence to procure for a near connexion of his new acquaintance an official appointment of considerable value.

On another occasion, while residing at Clifton, with Lady Guilford, he used to walk up Park-street, when the carriage usually took him at the top. As his dress and appearance had more the costume of a decayed gentleman than that of a rich banker, he was mistaken one day, whilst walking to and fro for the carriage, which was detained in town, by a person of the street, and who, having noticed his anxious looks and somewhat worn apparel, sent a servant to him with five shillings. The wealthy banker smiled, and returned his thanks, with an assurance that he was not in immediate want!



## THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat,  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

COWPER.

## CUSTOMS OF THE ABIPONES.

We derive the following particulars of the Abipones, an Equestrian people of Paraguay, from a work of Martin Dobrizhoffer, who was eighteen years a missionary in that country:—

Though Paraguay, says our author, is entirely destitute of metals, yet it can by no means be called a poor country. It abounds in things necessary for human subsistence, and especially in all kinds of cattle. The whole world does not contain a country more numerous supplied with oxen, horses, mules, and sheep: which were formerly brought to Paraguay, and in the course of two hundred years increased marvellously, both on account of the richness of the pastures, and the unbounded liberty they possessed of wandering up and down the plains, both by day and night, at every time of the year. The quantity of kine which exists there is scarce credible to a European. Fifty years ago, when all the plains were covered with wild oxen, travellers were obliged to send horsemen before them to clear the way, by driving away the beasts which stood threatening them with their horns. It is, therefore, no wonder that at that time a full grown ox was sold for five *groschen*, (a real *plata*.) as appears from the old books of valuations. Every Spaniard who intended to enlarge his estate hired a troop of horse, who brought him eight, ten, or more, thousands of cows and bulls from the country, within a few weeks. Do you desire to be made acquainted with the shape of the Paraguayan oxen? In height they equal those of Hungary, and generally surpass them in the size of their bodies, though not of the same, but of various colours. With a sort of ferocious arrogance they imitate stags in the manner of holding their lofty heads, and almost equal them in swiftness. Unless a long drought have impoverished the pastures, every ox yields such a weight of fat, that two robust men are sometimes scarce able to carry it. The fat of oxen is always used instead of butter in culinary preparations; for the cows are very seldom milked, on account of their ferocity; the taming of them is a long and laborious process, and consequently odious to the slothful Spaniards and Indians. When tamed, they will not suffer themselves to be milked, unless their feet are tied and their calf is standing beside them. Sometimes the mothers are sent with their calves to the pastures, return home at evening of their own accord, and are separated at night, unless their milk has been exhausted by the calves—on which account milk and cheese are very seldom used in Paraguay, butter scarcely ever. A butcher and shambles are words unknown to the Paraguayans. Every one slays his oxen at his pleasure. The poorer sort do not buy pounds of meat, as is customary in Europe, but a part of a slaughtered ox, which they generally owe to the liberality of the rich. Two or three young men are sufficient to kill the most furious bull. One throws a noose of leather over his neck, another casts one round his hind legs, and cuts the nerve of them, then leaping on his back, fixes a knife in his neck; thus the ox falls, despatched at one blow.

Beef is the principal, daily, and almost only food of the lower orders in Paraguay. Moreover, that quantity of meat which would over load the stomach of a European is scarce sufficient to satisfy the appetite of an American. A Guarany, after fasting but a very few hours, will devour a young calf. An Indian, before he lies down to sleep, places a piece of meat to roast at the fire, that he may

eat immediately when he wakes. Place food before him, and the rising and the setting sun will behold him with his jaws at work and his mouth full, but with an appetite still unsatisfied. Such being the voracity of the inhabitants, and so continual the slaughters of innumerable oxen, you will agree with me that Paraguay may be called the devouring grave, as well as the seminary of cattle. The Indians when travelling take great delight in the flesh of the Ape, which in various countries of America is their chief and most esteemed food.

Innumerable tigers are yearly caught with leathern thongs by the Spaniards and Indians, on horseback, and are strangled, after being swiftly dragged for some time along the ground. The Pampas wound the tiger's back with a slender arrow, and kill him instantly. At other times, for the same purpose, they use very strong arrows, or three round stones suspended from thongs, which they hurl at the tiger. How great their strength must be you may judge from this, that if they meet two horses in the pastures tied together with a thong to prevent their escaping, they will attack and slay the one, and drag him, along with the other live one, to their den. I should not have believed this, had I not myself witnessed it, when travelling in company with the soldiers of St. Iago. Their cunning is equal to their strength. If the wood and the plain deny them food, they will procure it by fishing in the water. As they are excellent swimmers, they plunge up to their neck in some lake or river, and spout from their mouths the white froth, which, swimming on the surface of the water, the hungry fishes eagerly devour as food, and are quickly tossed on to the shore by the claws of the tigers. They also catch tortoises, and tear them from their shells by wondrous artifice, in order to devour them. Sometimes a tiger, lurking unseen under the high grass or in a bramble bush, quietly watches a troop of horse passing by, and rushes with impetuosity on the horseman that closes the company. On rainy and stormy nights they creep into human habitations, not in search of prey or food, but to shelter themselves from the rain and from the cold wind.

Though the very shadow of this beast is enough to create alarm, yet those are most to be dreaded which have already tasted human flesh. Tigers of this description have an intense craving after men, and continually lie in wait for them. They will follow a man's footsteps for many leagues till they come up with the traveller.

## SKETCH OF PUERTO RICO.

Puerto Rico, or the Rich or Golden Land, is, in geographical order, the next Captain-Generalship, and inferior only to Cuba, and scarcely so, in fertility, beauty, and variety. It is in magnitude not inferior to the kingdom of Ireland, but as infinitely superior to it in beauty and produce, as in its bright and southern climate. It obtained this name from its manifest opulence, and, under a more skilful cultivation, would well deserve it.

Upon landing on this island, after a voyage from Europe, nothing can exceed the picturesque scene which extends itself before the eyes of the traveller,—a land of hill and valley, a gently undulating surface, beautifully diversified by water, is closed in the distance by a line of mountains wooded nearly to the top, and embellished by the white houses and plantations of the inhabitants. A southern sun sheds its dazzling brilliancy over the whole scene, whilst the heat is tempered by the abundant rivulets which diversify the face of the country. The remote parts of the interior are still covered with the original forests and their thick underwood, in which roam the descendants of those wild dogs, which the early Spanish conquerors employed in hunting the natives.

The forests also abound with parrots and other tropical birds, whose rich and highly coloured plumage add much to the character of the landscape. Cattle of a very superior quality, originally brought from Europe, and now exceedingly multiplied, are the prize of every one who can take them; poultry of all kinds is cheap and plentiful, and the rivers and sea supply the inhabitants with every variety of fish. Living is thus considerably cheap and easy to those who choose to live in the country, and who will make use of their gun.

The southern coast is the most healthy, as well as the most fertile. It produces as articles of commerce and use, sugar, coffee, cocoa, flax, ginger, and odoriferous gums; the three first articles in vast quantity. The northern side of the island is supposed to contain mines of gold and silver, but, from the want of capital, they have not been as yet worked.

The total population of the island is estimated at about 150,000, but possibly it greatly exceeds this estimate. The capital of the island is Puerto Rico, which is a strong town and very pleasantly situated. It is one of the towns of which we read in the romantic voyages of Sir Francis Drake, who made an attack on it in one of his buccaneering adventures, and very deservedly failed in his attempt. In the year 1797, our troops from Jamaica made a similar attack, and with a like failure.

## LITERATURE.

## LOVE LETTER OF THOMAS PAINE.

[The original of the following letter may be seen in the hands of the Editor of the MINERVA. The world is already in possession of the political, theological and miscellaneous writings, of Mr. Paine, and of some very pretty specimens of his poetry, in which the subject of Love is not forgotten. The letter now presented to our readers, while it adds to the published literary productions of this extraordinary man, affords an additional proof of the versatility of his genius, which seems to have been of that Herculean cast that nothing could elude his grasp.]

Criel, near Chantilly, Florid, 27, 6 year.

My Dear Citizenne—For as you are on the brink of Matrimony I must not say my dear Girl, my dear life, nor any of those soft notes that belong to the fond language of Love,—I am going, my dear Citizenne to ask a favour of you, and I will try what a little bribery will do—I send you a Song and the tale that belongs to it, and I want in return to see the last, and the next, English news-papers you receive, when you can spare them without disappointing your nearer friends. I mean nearer in distance, for as I keep a place in the Cabinet of my best thoughts for a welcome visitor, I have put a chair there for you.

I am now enjoying most luxuriously the rural scenery of this pleasant retreat, and what heightens it the more is, that having nothing to do, my time is untrammelled, and all my politics done to the great (invasion) begins, I have time to fall a little in love, and I have not been idle. But I have not got myself married before he comes to Italy, and I have gotten myself in love on purpose for the descent, that, like him, I may be in luck, and soft hearted enough to do nothing but good; and all this has happened since I have been here. It is an excellent cordial, you know, when one has a voyage to make, and a great enterprize in hand; but you go to obey and I to rebel—you to resign liberty, and I to establish it; but as I have lost a little of my own within these few days, I begin to think, there may be as much pleasure in losing as gaining, if one do not lose too much—But, pray, if you cross the Channel before I do; do not put it in the *Morning Chronicle* that I am going to be married, for my Charmer is married already.

It is always a sign that a man is pretty far gone when his Mistress can inspire

him to write her a Song in an hour or two. My fair one asked me one morning at Breakfast to make her one upon the descent, and I gave it to her at dinner.—Besides the short time employed upon it, I know you will say, that if there is any merit in it, it is all hers. I know you will say this, because you told me when you came to see the model of the Bridge, that "you were sure I was thinking of your Sex when I contrived it, for nothing, you said, but that could have inspired such a beautiful idea." This thought would not have occurred to you had you not been in love yourself.

If I were not as dull as a Beetle, I should soon learn to speak French. Here are groves, and shady walks, and what half-drowned Lovers call, murmuring streams, and nothing to listen to the lessons I take of my fair tutress but fishes and nightingales. Considering how ill natured fate has been to me, I think I have a right to all the revenge I can take of her. However, if she will give me good luck in the descent, I will make all up with her.

If you are not afraid to give me a line to tell me if you have any news, and any thing else you please to put in it, except scolding me, I shall be glad to receive it. Tell me where I shall find you on the other side of the water in case I pass safely over, and do not forget that you have a friend, if times and circumstances should require one, in the person that tells you so. Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Maskelet, Mr. and Mrs. Wadshom, and our friend in the white Hat:—and as I know it is difficult for a woman to keep a Secret, you may as well tell them at once that I have written you a Love Letter.

Salut et amite

THOMAS PAINE.

Miss HULL.

## BIBLICAL LITERATURE OF

THE EIGHTH CENTURY.

Early in this century the Scriptures were translated into Arabic, by John Archbishop of Seville, and disseminated among the Saracens. Within the three succeeding ages other translations were made; the Syriac and Coptic, about the middle of this period, ceasing to be living languages.

The venerable Bede in the eighth century rendered the Gospel of St. John into Anglo-Saxon. This distinguished man wrote on all the branches of knowledge then cultivated in Europe, and died in 735. His little oratory or study at Weremouth near the monastery, and his rude oaken chair, remained until the 16th century, and are mentioned by Leland. A copy of some of St. Paul's Epistles in his handwriting is said to be preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. About the same era lived Willibrod, a celebrated Christian teacher, born in Northumberland, whose apostolic labours in Friesland acquired him great reputation; and Winfrid, afterwards called Boniface, born at Kirtol, Devonshire. The latter also preached the gospel zealously and successfully in the eastern parts of Germany, in 746 founded the great abbey of Fulda or Fulden, and was slain with some followers by Banditti about ten years after. A third eminent Missionary in this age of missions was Willehad, called the Apostle of Saxony, but a Northumbrian and a learned as well as pious man. A still more famous contemporary was, Alcuin, called also Placcus Albinus, another Englishman, educated, if not born, at York, and the literary friend of Charlemagne. He was so rich in possessions as to have 20,000 vassals, none of whom could marry without his consent, all of whom were obliged to labour three days in the week for their lord, and over most of whom he had the power of life and death. Such were the rewards of learning and piety in those times. His great work was a revision of the Latin Bible; but his writings were so numerous that



the Edition of them published by Frobenius, in 1777, occupied four quarto volumes.

Notwithstanding these and other lights of intellect, the Western World sunk more and more into darkness, and ignorance instead of science gaining ground. An Archbishop of Rheims, Gislemar, was unable to understand the literal meaning of a portion of the Gospels which he read.

In Germany, according to Townley, a certain priest was so totally unacquainted with the Latin, the common language of the church offices, that he baptised in the name *Patri, Filia, et Spiritus Sancta*; and a question arising as to the legitimacy of the baptism, it was judged proper to refer it to the Pope Zachary for his decision. This was the same pope who imprisoned Virgilius, for asserting the existence of the Antipodes; though Butler, in his *Lives of the Saints*, vol. iii. p. 173, endeavours to prove that the error of Virgilius was that of maintaining that there were other men under the earth, another sun and moon, and another world; or, in other words, another race of men, who did not descend from Adam, and were not redeemed by Christ; and that this being contrary to the Scriptures, he was justly censurable. But whether he taught the spherical form of the earth, or the plurality of worlds, his condemnation is sufficient to prove the low state of scientific acquirements, by even the highest dignitaries of the church.

The military spirit of the age also infected the clergy, and hawking priests were at least as prominent then, as hunting parsons (in England) are now. The service of the altar was not unfrequently performed in mail; and the lives of holy men and women were universally as unholy as can be imagined. The state of learning may be conjectured from the poetical Catalogue of Books in the celebrated library of Egbert, Archbishop of York, which as Mr. Sharon Turner says, is "the oldest Catalogue perhaps existing in all the regions of literature, certainly the oldest existing in England."

Celebrated as this library was (says Townley) it appears to have contained only fourteen fathers and ecclesiastical works, ten ancient classics, including two or three modern Latin writers, six grammarians and scholiasts, and six modern Latin poets; yet this was the library of which Alcuin speaks in a letter to Charlemagne: "O that I had the use of those admirable books, on all parts of learning, which I enjoyed in my native country; collected by the industry of my beloved master Egbert. May it please your imperial majesty, in your great wisdom, to permit me to send some of our youth to transcribe the most valuable books in that library, and thereby transplant the flowers of Britain into France." It is singular too, that England was regarded as so excellent a mart for books, that as early as the year 705, books were brought hither for sale.—*Literary Gazette*.

## THE DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—MR. MATHEWS.  
London, March 18th.

Since the time of the English Aristophanes, Foote, no individual has, by his single efforts, contributed so much to the amusement of the play-going, laughter-loving part of the community as Charles Mathews. Foote, however, owed much of his fame to personal ridicule, in the manner in which he exhibited the peculiarities and eccentricities of well-known living characters, such as Chevalier Taylor the oculist, Cock the auctioneer, Sir Thomas de Veil the magistrate, and Geo. Faulkner the Dublin printer. His imitation of the last is said to have been so excellent, that honest George's printers and fly boys, who had been treated to the

play on purpose to hiss Foote, cheered him in his imitation of George, as they mistook him for their master. Mathews resorts to more legitimate means—he ridicules manners, not men; and his imitation of living characters are free from asperity.

It is now some four years since the managers of one of our winter theatres parted with Mr. Mathews, and thus—

Threw a pearl away  
Richer than all their tribe.

Mathews determined on making reprisals on the British public, and he took their hearts and approbation by storm; no man was more successful. He might truly say with the Roman, 'Veni, vidi, vici.' For four successive seasons has he rendered the English Opera House the most attractive place of public amusement in town; and, after detailing his 'Mail Coach Adventures,' introducing his 'Country Cousins,' his 'Trip to Paris,' and his 'Travels in Air, Earth, and Water,' he now comes forward to relate the adventures of his Youthful Days: as when an

Infant

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;

And then the whining school-boy with his satchel

And shining morning face, creeping like snail

Unwillingly to school.

Mr. Mathews' biography, as detailed by himself, embraces the period from his birth to the time of his engagement on the London stage; he begins at the beginning, namely, from 'nothing to the age of an hour and a quarter.' It appears that he made his debut on the stage of life on the 28th of June, 1776, at half past four o'clock on a cloudy morning. Consulting his nurse, he is told that his personal appearance was not very prepossessing, that he was a long lanky child, with a comical phiz, and by no means regular features. His infancy passed in the usual manner. His education commenced with a master whom he calls Dr. Wirebrush; he was then transferred to Merchant Tailors' School, where the tutor, Dr. Bishop, being recommended gentle exercise, practised it on the *derriere* of Master Charles; and, though the pupil did not flourish, the master did. Among other juvenile crimes was that of exhibiting a small mirror, and he was flogged for casting reflections on the heads of the school. Here Mathews, after an admirable imitation of Munden, in the part of Shelly, in the Highland Reel, gives a most amusing and ludicrous description of school-boy oratory, in the Latin, Greek, and English orations of the Master Dickensons. Charles is seized with the dramatic mania at an early age, but his father discourages it, and prevails on him to become his apprentice. He was taken before the celebrated Wilkes, who, with one eye on Mathews and the other on his father, cautioned the young apprentice not to meddle with politics, as they were at least forty-five reasons against them; he also stated to him that he must not contract matrimony or any unlawful games which would not teach him his own craft, but the craft of others. Mathews made but a sorry apprentice, and he was sorry he was one. His father, a religious bookseller, wished him to read tracts, but he was not tractable. When at a proper age, he was sent to a French School, and he became acquainted with Master, now Mr. Elliston; two great dramatic geniuses thus thrown together got up a play, to the great annoyance of the French mistress, who would not bear their going spouting about the room like a tea-kettle. The Play of the Distressed Mother was, however, performed. Young Mathews played Felix, and the audience then laughed as much at us they have since laughed with him. Determined on the stage, Mathews consulted Macklin, the actor of three centuries, but he soon found that Melpomene, whom he courted would not yield to his wooings. He eloped from home, visited the tomb of Shakespeare, and has a beautiful apostrophe to the bard who swayed the passions at his

will. On his way he became acquainted with Mr. Ap Llwyd, a fat traveller, who visited all the watering places, in hopes of 'getting thinner,' and vainly seeking to be like Prior's Emma—'Fine by degrees and beautifully less.' Mathews proceeds to the Dublin theatre—the wardrobe of which was rather scanty. Mathews played in a court-dress, and was ruffled—one ruffle only, which he transferred from wrist to wrist as became necessary. Here he met with Hurst, an old comedian, whose treacherous memory threw him into the most ludicrous blunders. He had a letter from Dicky Suett (whom he imitates most admirably) to Mr. Lollypop Smith; the character he gave of Mathews was as follows:—

Charley loves good wine,  
Charley loves good brandy,  
Charley loves a pretty girl  
As sweet as sugar candy.

At Dublin, Mathews became acquainted with George Frederick Cooke, and he relates an evening's excess with that celebrated character. He also introduces two songs, and an imitation of Curran in his well known speech on Catholic Emancipation. Quitting Dublin, Mr. Mathews proceeds to York, where he has an interview with Tate Wilkinson, the wandering patentee, whose peculiarities he exhibits with irresistible humour, as well as those of Johnny Winter, the wardrobe keeper, who complains of the world of trouble that Billy Shakespeare gives him, with his Othello, and Blue Beard, and Macbeth, and Tom Thumb, and Pizarro. Several other well known characters that he meets with in his progress shine forth in their turns—dead and buried have no security, for from his pencil they all start alive from the canvas. With these are mingled some characters of pure invention, or rather the beau ideal of drollery founded on observation, such as Mr. Trombone, a bass singer; Mr. Fipley, who conceives his person to exhibit 'the line of beauty; and our old acquaintance, Mr. Ap Llwyd, who, if Hogarth be right, that 'a regular curve is the true line of beauty,' comes much nearer perfection in that particular than Dandy Fipley. These are admirably supported, and the songs interspersed are very effective, especially the 'Irish Rubber at Whist,' 'The London Green-rooms,' and the 'Volunteer Field-day,'—not to forget a delightful Irish air, 'Crooskeen Lawn.' The arrival of Mr. M. in London, and the imitation of some of our favourite actors, namely John Kemble, Munden, Blanchard, Fawcett, &c. conclude his personal history.

The third part of Mr. Mathews' imitable entertainment is called 'Stories,' and represents a lodging-house of three floors. Here he introduces the following characters:—'Nat.'—Servant of all work in a lodging-house.—'Sir Shiverum Screwerve,' Guardian to Amelrosa.—'Monsieur Zephyr,' French Ballet Master.—'George Augustus Fipley,' in love.—'Mr. Ap Llwyd.'—Mr. Mark Magnum.—'non compos lodger'—next door.—'Miss Amelrosa,' in love with Fipley.

All these characters varying in person, voice, features, and manners as much as individuals can possibly vary, are exhibited with irresistible humour and fidelity. In this part, Mr. Mathews discharges his whole battery of imitation, and proves that his powers are as inexhaustible as the field of nature itself; and, after seeing him exhibit characters in almost endless variety, we still find him 'always new though still the same.' Such are the qualifications and talents of that living encyclopædia of humour—Charles Mathews.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### MINERVA MEDICÆ.

The Gravel.—The following specific is confidentially recommended in the English journals, as a cure for the gravel: An old gentleman named Rudge, of Wat-

lington, Oxfordshire, and who lived to the great age of 90 years, is stated to have been released by its use of a quantity of gravel equal to a half pint measure. He was a great sufferer from calculous complaints, and was accustomed during 40 years of his life, to recur constantly to a decoction for the formation of which this recipe, written by himself, conveys the most minute and particular directions:—"Boil thirty-six raw coffee berries for one hour, in a quart of soft spring or river water; then bruise the berries, and boil them again another hour in the same water; add thereto a quarter of a tea-spoonful of the dulcified spirits of nitre, and take daily a half pint cup of it, at any hour that is convenient; its efficacy will be experienced after taking it two months."

Rheumatism.—Of this complaint Dr. Urwins thus speaks: "Rheumatism is not seldom the disorder of the robust—and it is often induced by that carelessness that characterizes physical strength, so that in this particular, the feeble have in some sort the advantage. In a case lately under my care, the complaint commenced from a chill received by going upon the river during perspiration—an effect which an individual of a less vigorous stamina would instinctively guard against. I have lately seen, in several instances, the best effects from wearing wash-leather over flannel, as a preservative against the consequences of those exposures to which all are more or less liable. A waistcoat of this material, will, in many cases, supersede the necessity of, and prove a more effective barrier against cold than a great coat—and not seldom, even after the establishment of a rheumatism which refuses to give way before the most powerful medicine, clothing the parts affected with leather, will almost immediately loosen its hold."

Surgery.—On the 30th of January, a farmer from the Hartz mountains had a most difficult and extraordinary operation for the stone publicly and successfully performed upon him, in the Chemical Institution of Berlin, by the Privy Counsellor Graefe. The stone, very solid and hard, was carefully examined after the operation, and found to weigh above twenty-one ounces and a half. Its length was four inches three lines, Paris measure; its breadth three inches nine lines; its greatest circumference eleven inches nine lines, and its least nine inches 10 lines.—The patient had suffered from his earliest childhood, for above thirty years, incessant torture, and now enjoys the first moments of his life that have been exempt from pain.

Colchicum.—A gentleman is stated to have recently died in England in consequence of having taken a moderate dose of one of the preparations of Colchicum, at the commencement of a fit of gout. It appears that the progress of the paroxysm was speedily arrested, that apoplexy supervened, and that death followed on the second day. "This," the writer further observes, "is the third victim, within the very circumscribed sphere of my acquaintance, that has been immolated at the shrine of this deleterious nostrum, during different periods of the attacks of gout, since the introduction of the *Eau medicinale*."

Gentiana Chiravita.—A plant celebrated at Coandernagore in the East Indies, under the name of Chiravita, has been imported into France, where a memoir has been published by M. Virey, on the subject of its medicinal qualities, which he states to be very powerful. It is a strong bitter, and is celebrated in the east for its efficacy as a febrifuge. It might, perhaps, be advantageously employed for the gout, and for weakness in the digestive organs. M. Virey conjectures, that it is a species of *gentis*, and accordingly denominates it *Gentiana Chiravita*.



**Scarlet Fever.**—It is announced in the Journal de Médecine Pratique, of Berlin, that the *Belladonna*, is a preservative against the scarlet fever. The fact was first discovered at Leipsic, but it has lately been confirmed by several experiments.

**On the Destruction of the Effluvia, arising from Soap and other Manufactories where Animal Matters are employed.**

The nuisance arising from some of these manufactories where animal matters are employed is, in populous neighbourhoods, dreadfully annoying. Those of cart grease, Soap, &c. are only a few among the number. Any simple plan, therefore, which shall tend to the destruction of these fumes, by an effective economical process, will be valuable information—will be conducive both to the interests of the manufacturer and to his suffering neighbour.—The plan adopted for this purpose by Messrs. Colchester, soap manufacturers, of Ipswich, England, is distinguished for its scientific simplicity. The effluvia arising from animal matters is rarely in such quantities as to be offensive, except when they are heated. This in the process of soap-boiling is a necessary part of the operation, to render the soap of a proper consistency.—Fire is therefore employed under iron-pans; and during the concentration of the soap, the fumes arise. To destroy these fumes, Messrs. Colchester have simply caused the ash-pit of the furnace of the soap-pan to communicate by a wooden trough with the surface of the heated soap in the pan, which pan is slightly covered with a wooden moveable cover, open on one side to admit the air.—The whole, therefore, of the current of atmospheric air necessary for the supply of the coals burnt in the furnace passes over the surface of the melting oils, and the animal fumes are thus drawn in the current under the furnace, where they are immediately destroyed, and, by their combustion, increase the power of the coals consumed. The result is most satisfactory,—the moment the cover is on, all trace of the offensive fumes immediately disappear.

**Botanical Discoveries.** M. Bonpland, the travelling companion of Humboldt, in his account of his botanical researches in South America, says,—“I have found three new kinds of indigo in these fertile regions. They are very different from the plain from which indigo is obtained in Caracas, Brazil, Mexico, and India. The superior quality that may be obtained from this newly discovered plant, and the facilities of conveyance down to a shipping port, rendered it an object of great importance to a country that has only few exports, and its cultivation, if encouraged by the government, and undertaken by capitalists, will in a few years furnish an interesting and staple commodity to trade.”

The *Seda Silvestre* or a species of wild silk, left in the woods by a certain caterpillar, is found on the banks of the Paraná, and would constitute a valuable export. Very good cochineal may also be gathered in Tucumán, besides a great quantity of bees' wax. The *Rubia Tinctoria* is found in many of the extended forests, but the best is in Tarija, Chaco, and the Sierra of Cordova, and it yields a brilliant colour. It was not till within very few years that notice was taken of a new mode of dying green, from a production called by the Spaniards *clavillo*, or little nail from its resembling one. It was first used by the poor of the country and it has since been proved by repeated experiments, that the Vicuña and Alpaca wools, as well as cotton, after being prepared by astringents, such as alum, and previously boiled in a yellow die, when thrown into a solution of *clavillo*, acquire a beautiful green colour.

Natural verdigris, of a metallic substance, is found in the copper mines of the districts of Carangas, Pacagos, Lipas, and Atacama, as well as Oruro, and is used instead of artificial verdigris for

paint and colouring pottery. It easily dissolves in mineral acids, and all the earthy or heterogeneous particles precipitate to the bottom. A species of metallic combination, of arsenic mineralised by sulphur, called *oro pimiente*, is also collected in various parts of the Cordillera of the coast, particularly at a place called Perinacota, 25 leagues from the town of Carangas. It is found to be an excellent article to fix colours. In short, numerous plants, gums, resins, minerals, &c. will, in the course of time, be brought over from every part of South America, of which at present we have no knowledge, and tend greatly to improve the arts and sciences.

**Growth of Wood.**—It has been ascertained that wood increases in the following proportion; the first year as 1, the second as 4, the third as 9, the fourth as 15, the fifth as 22, the sixth as 30, the seventh as 40, the eighth as 54, the ninth as 70, and the tenth as 92. From this it is concluded, that wood ought never to be cut till it is in the tenth year of its growth.

Dung should not be applied to wheat crops, as it makes the land foul, and it has long been observed that though there may be a great burden of straw, there will be but little wheat. Dung is the most beneficial, and at times, may be absolutely necessary to potatoes, turnips and the artificial grasses, making wheat the last crop in the course.—*English Agricultural Report.*

**Copal Varnish.**—Highly rectified spirits of turpentine, if kept with the light passing through it, that is, by placing it at a window for a year, and the copal be finely pounded, it will dissolve about one ounce to a pint. If the turpentine be distilled through quick lime just taken from the kiln, it will dissolve the gum without other preparation.

**Mastic Varnish.**—To one pint of highly rectified spirits of turpentine, put three ounces of gum mastic, one ounce of gum olibanum, frankincense, and half a drachm of Copal; bruise all the gums; put them in the bottle with the turpentine, and keep frequently shaking it, so that the gums may be kept suspended in it; in one month it will be fit for use.

**Drying Oil.**—Poppy Oil is by much the best oil that can be used for Pictures; the Flemish and Dutch schools employ no other; next to that is linseed oil, but it is difficult to procure it unadulterated; when mixed with rape, as it often is, it is totally unfit for the artist. Drying oil should be always prepared cold. It is made by grinding one ounce of litharge very fine; add this to one pint of oil; shake the phial that contains it very often; it will take a month to prepare it; it will be clear and thin, which is its excellence.

**Manufacture of Ink.**—Although the receipts for making writing-ink are numerous and varied, yet that of Dr. Lewis is to be preferred as to the proportions, for the constituents cannot vary. For one quart of ink, the following ingredients are necessary, which may be all procured for one shilling:

- 3 oz. of finely powdered galls
- 1 do. of sulphate of iron (green vitriol)
- 1 do. of logwood chips
- 1 do. of powdered gum-arabic.

And a quart of the softest water procurable; these should be admixed in a stone or glass vessel, the mouth of which must be only covered with a piece of porous gauze, and the liquid must be repeatedly shaken. To prevent it from becoming mouldy, Professor Hoffman recommends half a dozen cloves to be pounded with the gum arabic before admixture. Professor Brande, of the Royal Institution, directs the menstruum used to be half water and half vinegar; the “quality of the ink,” he observes, “is materially improved by dissolving a stick of Indian ink, and ten grains of corrosive sublimate, in every quart.” The addition of a portion of sugar renders

ink slow in drying—advantage is taken of this property, where numerous copies of the same letter or document are required; when the characters of old writing are rendered illegible by time or by fraudulent means, they may be restored by penciling them over with a solution of Prussiate of potass, and then a dilute solution of sulphuric or muriatic acid.

**Fossil Ship!**—A very extraordinary discovery was lately made at Capelle, in the canton of Waalwyk, in the province of North Brabant. While digging the foundation of a building, the workmen found the hull of a ship, the prow of which was the first part they met with; the poop appears to be buried a great depth in the ground. Much time and expense will be necessary to recover it entirely, and the more so, as it is completely filled with mud, and the vessel is about sixteen feet broad, and about sixty feet long. Hitherto it has not been possible to see the form of it sufficiently to distinguish the age to which it belongs. It is very difficult to determine the time when this vessel was buried in the middle of the land, unless it may have been in consequence of the inundation of 16th November, 1421; in which case it would have been four centuries under ground.

**African Mineralogy.**—Little notices Burchell as the Hottentots, in general, take of mineralogical objects, their attention has been attracted by a production of these mountains, which, observing to have the singular property of becoming, on being rubbed between the fingers, a soft cotton-like substance, resembling that which they made from their old handkerchiefs for the purpose of tinder, they have named *Doeksteen*, (Handkerchief-stone, or Cloth-stone.) They pointed out a particular part of the mountains where it might be found; and I made an excursion for the purpose of examining it, and at the same time to explore the *Kloof-Valley*, and its productions.

The *Doeksteen* is a kind of *Asbestos*, of a blue colour. Having found the spot, I made a drawing of the remarkable laminated rocks, between the thin horizontal layers of which it is found. These veins of asbestos are of various thickness, from the tenth to half an inch, and consequently their fibre, which is always transverse, is very short. But, in the mountains, at a place called *Eland's Fountain*, about five and twenty miles north-eastward, some is found, the fibres of which are above two inches long. This is, in fact, another species, and differs not only in the length, but in the more compact, perfectly straight and glossy fibre, and in its deeper color. The more remarkable circumstance is, the existence of *Asbestos* in mountains of argillaceous schistus. All the rocks at this place are formed of thin plates of this clay-slate, not more than half an inch in thickness, and often scarcely the tenth of an inch. Between these laminae, a beautiful kind of stone is found sometimes of a blue and sometimes of a silky golden color, from the twentieth part of an inch to three inches thick. It is a species of *Asbestos* in a less mature and flaxen state, with compact fibres of a flinty hardness, either transverse or oblique, straight or wavy. The fracture of these laminae is generally according to the direction of the fibres. When cut and polished, this stone exhibits a very beautiful appearance. A handsome kind of *jasper*, brown, striped with black, is to be found here; and a green *opal* or *pitch-stone*.

**An easy mode of preparing Ice Creams in Summer, in defect of natural Ice.**—From the advanced state of the present uncommonly mild winter, it may be reasonably presumed, perhaps, that no ice will be furnished naturally for the confectioners' use in the summer. In the event of this taking place, it may not be amiss to point out an easy, practical, and not very expensive mode of obtaining ice for this purpose artificially.

Equal parts of *sal ammoniac* and *nitre*, reduced together into powder, by solution in spring water, under proper management, will produce cold sufficient, even in the hottest days of summer, to convert water into ice. The ice thus made may be used as in the common process, with common salt, for freezing creams, &c. An appropriate vessel containing the water to be frozen is to be immersed in a larger vessel containing the above solution, and when the water is near freezing, stirred about so as to reduce it to a thick snow broth, instead of allowing it to become a solid mass. The common salt is to be added to this, and the process conducted in the usual manner.—The same powder will serve repeatedly for the same use by evaporation to dryness. The above process for freezing creams upon a large scale is more economical than by the direct effects of the mixture consisting of *sal ammoniac*, &c. The addition of *Glauber's salt* in powder to the former, increases considerably its effect, but the materials are not then recoverable for use by evaporation.

#### THE NEW MARKET, LIVERPOOL.

OPENED ON MARCH 7, 1822.

This stupendous building, designed by John Foster, Jun. Esq. and erected by the Corporation of Liverpool, at an expense of £35,000, was begun in August, 1820, and finished in February, 1822. It is situated in the centre of the town, and is built of brick, with the exception of the foundations, the handsome entrances, the cornices, &c. which are formed of massy stone; and it is roofed throughout, in five ranges from end to end, two of the breadths being considerably elevated for the purpose of affording the advantages of side lights and ventilation. There are 136 windows, all the casements of which are upon swing-centres, and easily opened. The upper tier of windows serve, together with the open sides of the elevated roofs, to light and ventilate the great body of the place; the lower windows are equally useful to the internal offices and shops, there being one light to each. The length of the building is 183 yards; its breadth, 45 yards; forming a covered space of 8235 square yards, or nearly two statute acres. There are six spacious entrances; three in Great Charlotte-street, one at the opposite side, in Market-street, and one at each end.

On entering the interior, the spectator is amazed at the immense size of the structure, its loftiness, lightness, and airiness. It is one large, well-formed, and lightly-painted Hall; compared with which, the celebrated Fleet Market is a miserable shed, and Westminster Hall is a moderate sized room. The whole floor is substantially flagged, and every person resorting to the Market may walk, dry footed, in every part of the building, alike protected from the cold and rain of the tempest, or the oppressive heat and glare of a summer sun. Viewed from one end, the interior is divided into five avenues, there being four rows of handsome cast-iron pillars, 23 feet high, supporting the conjoined abutments of the roofs along the entire building. The pillars are 116 in number, but they are so lightly formed and regularly arranged as greatly to improve the appearance of the place. The walls are lined by 62 shops and 6 offices, close to the lower tier of windows, between which and the upper ones the sloping roofs of the shops are placed. The shops, the dimensions of which are 6 yards by 4, and which are provided with fire-places, are let to dealers in various kinds of provisions, namely, Butchers, Pork-dealers, Fruit-crers, Fishmongers, Poulterers, Cheesemongers, Bread-bakers, &c. and are numbered. The offices are for the use of the Superintendent of the Market, the Collectors of the tolls and rents, the Weighers of provisions, &c. The shops,



of course, present their fronts to the interior of the Market, and, there being no necessity for glazed windows, an advantageous display of articles can be made during the day; and, by means of doors and shutters, the whole can be safely inclosed during the night. The great body of the Market is occupied by four ranges of stalls, tables &c. running in a line with the pillars, from end to end, including 160 stalls three yards each, for purposes the same as the shops; 34 green standings, three yards each; 18 fruit-standings, three yards each; 44 stone compartments, three yards each, for potatoes; 36 fish-standings, one and a half yards each; 201 table-compartments, one yard each, for eggs poultry, and vegetables; and 122 forms or benches, one yard each, for similar articles. There are 144 gas lights, by which the place is brilliantly illuminated every night; one being attached to each shop, and the remainder branching out of the iron pillars at convenient distances. On the side of the building next to Market-street, there are 29 store-cellars under the shops; the declivity of the ground visible on the right hand of the above view, leaving sufficient space for such conveniences under the level of the floor. In different parts of the Market, there are four cast-iron pumps, supplied from beneath by excellent wells; and every evening, as soon as the place is cleared, a signal bell being sounded half an hour previously, the floor is well washed and swept by twelve scavengers; after which all the gates are closed, and two watchmen are locked in to guard the property from depredation.

**YEARLY RENTS.**—The rents charged in this Market, if the various places be taken by the quarter, are as follow: Shops, £18 per annum; Cellars, £5; Stalls for Butchers, £8; the corner ones, £10; Vegetable and Fruit Stalls, £6; Potato-compartments, £3; the corner ones, £3 4s; Table compartments, £1 12; Bench-compartments, 12s; Outer Fish-standings, £8; the inner ones, £4. Occupiers of shops pay £2 12s. per annum, each for gas-light.

## THE RECORD.

### FOREIGN.

**Russia and Turkey.**—Accounts from London to the evening of the 13th April, confirm the previous statements of a rupture being immediately expected between the Russians and Turks. The former power is said to have 300,000 troops on the frontiers of Turkey, ready to act at a moments notice; and the Ottoman force opposed to them, is estimated at half that number, with an additional army of 150,000, in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, preparing to march, headed by the Sultan. Hostilities, it was supposed, would commence about the 1st. of April.

**Spain.**—The London Courier of the 13th April states, on the authority of a letter from Paris, that the patriot Riego had been assassinated by the royalist party in Spain, which so exasperated the people of Madrid, that they rose en masse and put all the royal family to death. The Courier neither contradicts nor professes to believe this shocking intelligence.

**South America.**—Official accounts are received of the re-capture of Coro by the Patriots of Colombia; previous to which an engagement took place between them and the royalists, who were completely defeated. Porto Cabello is the only place of consequence remaining in the hands of the Spaniards. It was closely besieged, and expected to surrender in a few days.

### DOMESTIC.

It has been decided in the Circuit Court of the United States by Judge Johnson, that the importer of goods, who has lodged

ed bonds of third parties for payment of the duties, is not liable to be sued for recovery of these duties.

The new novel, entitled *Bracebridge Hall*, from the pen of WASHINGTON IRVING, Esq. is now on sale by the Booksellers.

"The history of Massachusetts from 1764 to July 1775, by Alden Bradford, Esq. Secretary of the Commonwealth," is announced for publication by Messrs. Richardson & Lord of Boston.

The College at Brunswick is rising from its ashes. The roof is completed, and it is expected that the rooms will soon be ready to be occupied by the students.

Bowdoin College is rapidly advancing in the public estimation. Some of the gentlemen attached to it are of great distinction in the scientific world, and add lustre not only to that seminary, but to our country at large.

**Northern Canal.**—The following passed the locks at Fort Edward from the 12th April to the 1st inst.—207,717 feet boards and plank, 119,435 do. round and square timber. Amount of toll \$502 63.

A Canal from the country in the vicinity of the White Hills, in N. H. to Portland, in Maine, has been contemplated for some years, and 200 shares in it have been subscribed in Portland.

The bill authorising the people of Illinois to connect Lake Michigan with the Illinois river by means of a Canal, has passed the legislature of that state.

A Providence paper, after a number of remarks in favor of the projected canal between Worcester and Providence, says "when the project was started about 30 years ago, the late Mr. John Brown subscribed forty thousand dollars, so well convinced was he that the stock would be profitable."

The Illinois Gazette of the 20th April states, that the river Ohio was then rising rapidly. There had been a slight fall of snow and hail a few days before, and fears were entertained that the frosts, which were prevalent, would destroy the fruit.

The house of representatives of Connecticut, have passed the bill prohibiting the Fulton Steam-boat Company from navigating the waters of that state.

The Rev. J. Huestis has been appointed agent for collecting funds of the Ithaca College, in the place of Mr. David Ayres resigned.

The Postmaster-general has lately made the following removals and appointments: Jared Wilson, removed from the Office of postmaster and Oliver Hartwell appointed in his place. Daniel Cruger, postmaster at Bath, Steuben county, removed, and Simpson Ellas appointed in his place. Aaron Konkle, postmaster at Elmira, Tioga county, removed, and Grant B. Baldwin appointed in his place.

Trade appears to be uncommonly brisk at Philadelphia, where the country merchants are remarked to be more numerous, and to be purchasing with greater spirit than at any former period.

Mr. Samuel Heplinger, the patentee of a machine for making watch chains, has recovered, in the Circuit Court of the U. States for the Maryland District, \$813 and costs of suit, against a person named Hatch for encroaching on the patent right of the plaintiff.

The thermometer was as high as 84 in the shade at Boston on Wednesday last week.

A sheep of the common breed with a small mixture of Merino blood, belonging to John Craig of Short Creek Township, Ohio, produced a fleece last Spring weighing nine lbs. and another this, weighing eleven lbs. of good clear wool.

A foot race was run on the 17th inst. by Chas. Law, of Albany, and a Philadelphia Champion. Mr. Law came off victorious, by about two feet. The race was run in Huntington county (N. J.) for \$100 a side.

A number of cases of hydrophobia are

stated in the Montreal papers, to have very recently occurred at St. Andrews, Upper Canada. Three families in particular had suffered from its shocking effects.

A duel took place on the 14th instant, between Mr. Gibson, a Clerk in the Treasury Department, and Thomas Cocke of Virginia, a Midshipman of the Navy—the latter of whom is since dead.

The frigate now on the stocks at Philadelphia Navy Yard will be named *The Susquehanna*. Arrangements are making to lay the keel of a very large ship of War.

An elegant Arabian Horse was brought out in the *Maria*, for H. & G. Barclay. It is considered the finest animal of the kind ever conveyed from Arabia, and the proprietor, it is said, was offered a thousand guineas for it to take to France.

An establishment is about to be commenced in Wethersfield, for manufacturing *Grass Bonnets and Hats*, and is intended to be carried on to a considerable extent.

The legislature of this state, at its last session, in order to encourage the manufacture of coarse salt, within the western district of this state, granted a bounty of three cents per bushel on all coarse salt manufactured within the said district, for the term of five years, and which shall be delivered on the banks of the Hudson river, or at Buffalo on the shores of lake Erie, or shipped from the port of Oswego to the province of Upper Canada.

The following gentlemen were elected Attending Physicians to the New York City Dispensary, for the ensuing year, on the 20th instant: Gerardus Bancker, M. D. John Beck, M. D. Dr. J. Howe, Jas. Pendleton, M. D. John S. Rogers, M. D. J. W. Weed, M. D. E. L. Winthrop, M. D.

Lucius Woodbury, M. D. was elected as Apothecary. And the following gentlemen were re-elected as consulting Physicians to the same Institution: Wright Post, M. D. David Hosack, M. D. John Watts, M. D. Alexr H. Stevens, M. D. John C. Cheesman, M. D. J. W. Francis, M. D.

At the Union Races, Long Island, on Tuesday, the purse of \$700 was won by Eclipse, beating Sir Walter, in two heats, in the last of which Sir Walter was distanced. On Wednesday, Lady Lightfoot carried off the prize of \$500, beating Sambo. The latter fell, but little injury was sustained by the horse or rider.

On Saturday evening, during the thunder storm, the electric fluid struck the spire of the Episcopal Church, at Richmond, Staten Island, which it shattered considerably. Other parts of the Church were likewise materially injured.

Another of the debtor prisoners, in Newark jail, is stated to have died of intemperance. He had been, with a few intermissions, in a state of intoxication during the whole period of his imprisonment.

Two men, two women, and three children were drowned in lake St. Clair, (Michigan,) on the 31st ult. They were in two canoes, lashed together, and were endeavouring to cross from the mouth of the river Thames to the opposite side of the lake.

## EDITORIAL NOTICES.

We request the Editors of the *National Intelligencer* and of the *New-York Daily Advertiser*, to accept of our acknowledgements for the friendly notice they have taken of the MINERVA. It gives us pleasure to inform them, that their good wishes for our success, have every appearance of being realized.

In No. 8, under the head "POPULAR TALES," will be given *Nytram Prince of Paramania*, an Oriental Tale; by Mr. Harrison.

THE TRAVELLER.—*Notices of Peru*; by a gentleman who recently resided on the spot.

LITERATURE.—*Anecdotes of Napoleon Bonaparte*; by an officer in the East India Company

service; *The Vatican at Rome*; and other *Literary Notices*.

THE DRAMA.—*Account of Miss Clara Fisher, the English Roscini*. We have received a curious account of *South American Theatricals*, to which early attention will be given.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*On the Phenomena of Life and Vital Properties*; by Dr. Roget of London. *Scientific Notices*.

POETRY.—Our poetical correspondence already accumulates, and is of that character which must wipe off the hypercritical aspersions of the cynic, who, in a sulky mood, spoke of the United States as a country "Where genius sickens, and where fancy dies."

"Eustace," and "H." shall both have a place in our next; and we shall be glad to rank them among the number of our regular correspondents.

THE GLEANER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGICAL, &c. as usual.

## MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Abraham T. Rile, to Miss Lydia Fowler. On Friday evening, Mr. John Newman, to Miss Ann Carse. On the 20th inst. Mr. Jacob Le Roy, to Miss C. D. Otis. On Saturday afternoon, Mr. I. F. Williams, to Miss M. E. Ostrander. Capt Jonathan Bangs, of Fairfield, Conn. to Miss A. D. Bangs, of New-York. At St. Augustine, E. F. 23d ult. Mr. R. King, to Miss Isabella M. Gibbs. On Sunday evening, Joseph Fox to Miss Catherine Wright. At Fayal, on the 17th January last, Mr. C. Cunningham, of Boston, to Miss R. Dabney, daughter of John B. Dabney, Esq. American Consul General for the Azores. On the 23d inst. by the Rev Mr. Wainwright, N. York, Edward Carroll, Esq. M. D. late of Kingston, Jam to Eliza, eldest daughter of John Crawford, Esq. formerly of the same Island. By the Rev Mr. Whipple, the Rev. Joseph Penney, of Rochester, N. Y. to Miss Margaret Sterling, daughter of William Sterling, Esq. of N. York. On the 23d inst. at Brooklyn, by the Rev H. Onderdonk, Mr. Jeronius A. Fowler, to Miss Mary Tweedy, both of N. York city. At Newton, Ct. Capt Eliada Baldwin, of Bridgeport, to Mrs. Laura Ann Thompson.

## DIED.

In Somerset county, Md, on the 8th inst. Mrs. M. S. Winder, relict of the late Gen. Levin Winder. At Albany, Mr. Judson, aged 29. At Poughkeepsie, Mrs. M. Myers, 53. At Fishkill, Dr. A. Halsey, 59. At Rotterdam, N. Y. Mr. P. Vender. At Cooperstown, N. Y. Cyrus Clark, Esq. 50; Justin Clark, 26, late editor of the *Montrose (Pa.) Gazette*. At Ghent, N. Y. Miss C. Holsapple, 18. At Florida, N. Y. Mrs. H. Curtis. At Philadelphia, George Rees, jr Esq. 33; Dr. Wm Smith, 76; J. Riehtein, 25; Mr. J. Black, 48; Mrs. M. Fox, 73. At Harrisburgh, Pa. Mr. D. George, 20. At Baltimore, Miss C. Kurtz, 28. At Winton, N. C. Mrs. J. W. Spiers; Mrs. C. K. Smith, 37. At Augusta, Gen. Barnabas McKim, Mr. B. Blakely, Mr. J. Newbury, 25, a native of New-Jersey—At East-Windsor, Ct. Mr. A. Morton, 63; Mrs. E. Chapin, 73—At East-Hartford, Mr. W. Olmstead, 73. At Windsor, Mr. A. Strong, 70. At Lyme, Mrs. E. Tobbs, 55. At Groton, Mr. M. Smith 66. At Boston, Mr. I. Mead 32; Mrs. S. H. Calf, 31; Miss Ridgway; Mrs. M. Billings, 87. At Charles-town, Mass. Mr. S. Hadley. At Roxbury, Capt. N. Snow, 40. At Nantucket, Mr. B. Coleman, 72; Mrs. L. Swan, 40; Mrs. S. Jones, 39. At Newburyport, Mr. J. Knap, 31. At Providence, Mr. R. Phillips, 40; Mr. J. A. Johnson, 72; Mr. L. Prout; Mrs. E. Gordon, 72. At Newport, Mr. T. Maxson, 70. On the 19th at N. York, Mrs. Eliza Ann Piggot, in the 52d year of her age. On the 18th inst. Rebecca F. wife of John Townsend, aged 51 years. Near Wilmington, Del. on Tuesday last, Dr. Jas. Tilton, late surgeon general in the army of the U. S.; at. In Jefferson county, Georgia, on the 27th ult. General Homer Virgil Milton. On the 21st inst. in N. York Mrs. Catherine Bradford, aged 80 years. On the 22d inst. Eliza, the wife of Charles Keeler. On the 21st on board the ship Asia, on her passage from Savannah, Captain John Barry. In the 50th year of her age, Mrs. Mary Robertson. At the Island St. Croix, between the months of Nov and Jan last, of the yellow fever, Mr. Henry and Alfred Codwise, brothers, and natives of the city of New-York, (the former aged about 19 years, the latter 22.) Yesterday afternoon, 23d inst. after a lingering illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude, Miss Ann Spears, daughter of Christopher Spears, in the 22d year of her age. Yesterday morning, William Lewis Smith, aged 11 years. At Berlin, Conn. on Wednesday evening, 23d inst. Roger Kiley, Esq. aged 64.



## POETRY.

It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning.

For the Minerva.

TO ANNA.

When the spell of thy presence is gone,  
And with lingering step, I depart,  
In my chambers retirement, alone  
I commune with my fluttering heart.

I bid it the magic explain  
Which attracts its devotion to thee;  
I ask it what fetters enchain,  
The spirit which once was so free.

It tells me, 'tis not, thou art fair,—  
That loveliness graces thy mien,  
And beauty with modesty there  
Reflecting each other are seen.

Wert thou fair as the daughters of light,  
Whom his faith, to the mosque has given  
And lovely in form as the bright  
Angel spirits that worship in Heaven;

Even then, thou couldst charm me no more,—  
And tho' dazzled and awed I might bow  
And the power of beauty adore,  
I could love thee no truer than now.

And fair forms have oft met mine eye  
As lovely, (forgive me) as thine,  
Bright eyes, ruby lips asked the sigh—  
And shapes that seemed almost divine.

Yet in vain beamed on me the bright eye,  
The ruby lip tempted in vain,  
The beautiful form was passed by  
With indifference, more than disdain.

Tho' youth, with impetuous fire,  
Inflamed to excess every thought,  
Still the heart only knew to admire  
In the passion of Love, still untought.

In this ignorance happy—the Soul  
Roved careless thro' youths blooming bower,  
And regardless of aught of control  
Trod gaily on blossoms and flowers.

But the freedom, which once it enjoyed  
Is vanished forever, and gone  
And the thoughts, which its moments employed,  
Together with freedom have flown.

Yet sweeter are chains, if they bind  
My spirit in bondage to thee,  
Than without them to rove unconfined,  
And feel thou wert nothing to me.

When raptured, I list by thy side  
To the music which speaks in thy voice,  
And gaze with a lover's fond pride  
On thine, the dear form of my choice.

When I thrill 'neath the glance of thy eye  
Whose flashes come warm from the heart,  
Whose tears are the ready reply,  
When pity requires them to start.

When with fond, tho' unnoticed surprise,  
The varied emotions I trace,  
Which develop themselves, as they rise  
Portrayed in thy eloquent face.

I would not the feelings exchange,  
Whose sway is supreme in my breast  
For the freedom, unshackled to range,  
By thee and thy presence, unblest.

LEANDER.

C. C. S. C. May 11th, 1822.

## THE PATRIOT'S GRAVE.

Oh! blest be the spot where the patriot reposes;  
And green be the sod round the tomb of the brave:  
Light, light be the earth, o'er his bosom that closes,  
And fragrant the wild flowers which cover his grave.

Let the myrtle and rose seek the spot where he slumbers,  
And their tendrils around his lov'd tomb intertwine:  
Oh! sweet be his rest; and the minstrel's warm numbers  
Be warmest and sweetest when breath'd o'er his shrine.

Though far from thy home and thy country thou sleepest,  
Thy memory, brave youth! in affection is blest;  
And the sigh which love's bosom breathes saddest  
And deepest,  
Shall be sent o'er the wave to the land of thy rest.

Though 'mong strangers and foes thy free spirit departed,  
Yet sweet were the tears o'er thy bier that were shed;  
And from bosoms of sympathy, many a sigh started,  
And hung round thy clay when that spirit had fled.

Peace, peace to thy soul! tis a friend that bends o'er thee,  
Who, like thee, from his country, a wanderer has strayed:  
But the tear of affection, long, long, shall deplore thee,  
And hallow the spot where thy ashes are laid.

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

(THE DAWN OF DAY—A SERENADE.)

On, burst the bonds of slumber;

Sweet Ellen, awake, arise!

Night's shades are furled

From the breathing world,

And 'tis morn in the eastern skies!

Flowers fair and without number,

Unfold their gorgeous dyes;

Day speeds apace

On his golden race,

Then open thy star-like eyes;

Sweet Ellen, awake, arise!

Rich milk-white clouds are sailing

Like ships upon stormless seas,

The heavens grow bright

With liquid light,

And fragrance loads the breeze.

Morn's melodious prevailing.

Sweep thro' the trembling trees;

The lark's 'tis the sky,

And the linnet's on high,

And wilt thou be less shy than these?

Sweet Ellen, awake, arise!

The dew-bent rose is bearing

Her breast to the rising sun;

New splendours shower

Upon temple and tower,

And the stir of day's begun:

We'll do a deed of daring

Ere Phoebus' race be run,

Our bark's below,

And the breezes blow,

And our goal will soon be won;

Sweet Ellen, awake, arise!

What reeks it to hearts like ours,

Where we resolve to flee?

Not far we'll roam

For a distant home;

Since happiness dwells with thee.

We'll steer for Pleasure's bowers

With Hope, thro' life's dark sea;

And Love shall guide

Us thro' the tide,

And our trusty pilot be;

But the morn wears fast, and our hour is past

Sweet Ellen, awake, arise!

From the Greek of Anacreon.

## BEAUTY.

Kind Nature, with unsparing hand,  
Hath strew'd her blessings o'er the land;  
To every beast that roams the plain,  
To every fish that swims the main,  
To every bird that wings the wind,  
Her bounty has been unconfined.  
Arm'd for defence, or wing'd for flight,  
True is their scent, and keen their sight.  
And unto Man she gave a soul  
To rule and moderate the whole.  
Woman alone defenceless lies,  
No friendly hand her need supplies:  
But yet, that elegance of face,  
That godlike mien, that winning grace,  
Those thousand soul-subduing charms,  
Are less resistible than arms;  
For this must conquer all distress—  
The might of woman's loveliness.

## TO ELIZA.

[Imitation of an Hindostanee Serenade.]

In drops of dew

Yon arch of blue

Weeps for the sun of departed light;

While from the skies

The twilight flies,

And bids the sleeping world "Good night!"

Roses among,  
The balbul's song  
Is breathed, where twinkling glow-worms play:  
Awake from sleep,  
"From lattice peep,"  
And hear thy lover's simple lay.

Unknown, unseen,  
I mark'd thy mien,  
And cherish'd love's unfolding flower:  
Oh, let its smile,  
Thy own beguile,  
To deck with both thy lover's bower.

Tho' young, yet free—  
I'd yield to thee  
A manly heart and passion true:  
But if thy scorn  
Will point the thorn,  
Farewell to love, but not—to you.

## ENIGMAS &amp;c.

And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,  
Despise not the value of things that are small."

ANSWERS TO PHILOSOPHICAL QUESTIONS AND PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

## QUESTION I.

Because the balloon when filled with gas, is specifically lighter than an equal quantity of common air.

## QUESTION II.

The rays of the sun warming the ground, part of the heat is combined with a portion of the water of the earth, and converted into vapour.

## QUESTION III.

The evaporation of the water, which suddenly carries off a large portion of heat from the body.

## QUESTION IV.

Every square foot of the earth's surface sustains 2160 lbs. of atmospheric air; and a column of air one inch square weighs about 15 lbs.

## QUESTION V.

In consequence of the air which they infold within them; atmospheric air being a conductor of heat.

## QUESTION VI.

At the rate of 200,000 miles in a second of time.

## QUESTION VII.

Because iron has a stronger affinity for heat than wood, and conducts it from the hand much swifter than the wood.

## QUESTION VIII.

The expansive force of steam, which is first formed at the bottom of the vessel, and, passing through the water, causes the motion.

## PUZZLE I.

This problem admits of two solutions, which may be clearly comprehended by means of the two following tables:—

Persons	full casks	empty	half full
Table I.			
1st.	2	2	3
2d.	2	2	3
3d.	3	3	1

Persons	full casks	empty	half full
Table II.			
1st.	3	3	1
2d.	3	3	1
3d.	1	1	5

## ANOTHER SOLUTION FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

Let us suppose the full casks to contain 14 gallons, and the half full casks 7 gallons—the quantity of liquor will then be 147 gallons, or 49 gallons every man.—The first man will then have 2 of the 14 gallon casks, 3 of the 7 gallon casks and 2 of the empty casks.—The second man will have the same; the third man will have 3 of the 14 gallon casks, 1 of the 7 gallon casks and 3 of the empty casks.

## NUMPO.

## NEW PUZZLES.

## PUZZLE I.

The distance from Edinburgh to London being 320 miles, how long would it take a person to measure it with his feet, supposing his foot to be 10 inches long, and that he places his foot 55 times in a minute?

## PUZZLE II.

A person put down a guinea, and with it a shilling; with the next guinea he put down two shillings; with the next, three, &c. He continued this, till the number of shillings equalled in value the number of guineas.—Query, how much money had he?

## PUZZLE III.

In counting a basket of apples by twos, threes, fours, fives, and sixes, one was over each time; but when counted by sevens, none was left—How many were there in the basket?

## PUZZLE IV.

Divide 1390 into guineas, half guineas, five-and-penny pieces, three-shilling pieces, half crowns, shillings, and pence.

## CHRONOLOGY.

FROM THE CREATION TO THE PRESENT TIME.

- 672 Death of Numa Pompilius, 2d King and legislator of Rome. Tullus Hostilius chosen his successor, and reigned 32 years.
- 670 Psammetichus, King of Egypt, reigned 55 years. The fort of Mount Ira taken by the Lacedæmonians. Foundation of Byzantium, now Constantinople.
- Engagement of the Horatii and the Curiatii, to terminate the war between Alba and Rome.
- 668 The Messenians abandoned their country, and settling in Sicily, built the city of Messina.
- 667 Alba destroyed. War between the Romans and the Fidenates.
- 666 Triumph of Tullus Hostilius over the Fidenates.
- 664 Naval engagement between the Corinthians and the inhabitants of Coreyra.
- 658 Phraortes, King of Media, reigned 32 years.
- 656 Cipselus, tyrant of Corinth, governed 30 years.
- 654 War of the Romans against the Sabines.
- 651 War of the Romans against the Latins. Battus, of Lacedæmon, founded the kingdom of Cyrene in Africa, which lasted 200 years.
- 645 Death of Tobias at Nineveh, aged 102.
- 644 Amon, son of Manasse, reigned over Judah two years.
- 641 Josiah, a religious King, ruled 31 years.
- 640 Zephaniah, one of the lesser prophets flourished. Death of Tullus Hostilius, 3d King of Rome. Aeneas Martius succeeded. Birth of Thales, the philosopher; and of Solon, legislator of Athens.
- 635 Cyaxares, King of Media, reigned 40 years. He made war with the Assyrians, and laid siege to Nineveh.
- 633 The Scythians defeated Cyaxares, and made themselves masters of Upper Asia, during 28 years.
- 628 Jeremiah, the prophet, flourished.
- 627 Ostia, at the mouth of the Tiber, built by Aeneas Martius.
- 626 Periander succeeded Cipselus as tyrant of Corinth.
- 625 Beginning of the reign of Nabopolassar, father of Nebuchadnezzar.
- 624 Josiah found the Book of the Law, which he caused to be read to the people.
- 624 Draco's sanguinary laws at Athens.
- 621 Birth of Daniel the prophet.
- 616 Necho, King of Egypt, reigned 16 years. In his days the Tyrians and Egyptians had sailed round Africa. Tarquinius Priscus, 5th King of Rome, reigned 38 years.
- 612 Pittacus, of Mitylene, one of the sages of Greece, expelled Melancher, tyrant of Mitylene, and usurped the supreme authority himself.
- 609 Josiah slain by Necho, King of Egypt. Joachaz, King of Judah, reigned three months. Joachim reigned two years, his father Joachaz being led away captive.
- 603 Bias, one of the seven sages, flourished.
- Nabopolassar, King of Babylon, sent his son Nebuchadnezzar into Syria.
- 607 Pittacus, restored liberty to Mitylene, his country.
- 606 Beginning of the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon. He took Jerusalem and led away the inhabitants into captivity for 70 years.
- 605 Cyaxares, King of the Medes, recovered his dominions from the Scythians. Daniel begins to prophesy at Babylon. Baruch prophesies about the same time.
- 603 War between Cyaxares and the King of Lydia. Joachim, King of Judah, shook off the yoke of Nebuchadnezzar.
- 602 Nineveh, capital of Assyria, destroyed by the combined troops of Cyaxares and Nebuchadnezzar.
- 601 Ezekiel began to prophesy.
- 599 Nebuchadnezzar took Joachim, King of Judah captive; and put his son Jeconias in his stead.
- 598 Jerusalem besieged a second time by Nebuchadnezzar; second captivity of the Jews. Mathanias or Sedecias, last King of Judah, reigned 11 years.

(To be continued.)

## THE MINERVA.

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